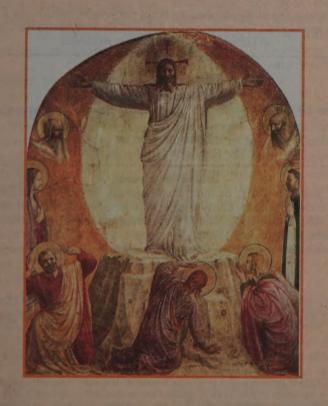
# Anglican Digest



TRANSFIGURATION A.D. 2008

#### THE ANGLICAN DIGEST

An independent voice reflecting the ministry of the faithful throughout the Anglican Communion.

Founded 1958

ISSN 0003-3278

Vol. 50, No. 4

Printed in the U.S.A.

The Anglican Digest is published six times per year by SPEAK, the Society for Promoting and Encouraging the Arts and Knowledge (of the Church) at Hillspeak, Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

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#### God's Surprises

As a biology minor at Texas ech, I took a number of courses from Dr. Proctor, whose area of expertise happened to be chara pronounced kair-uh). Chara is a ather complex type of freshwater algae with various "stem" and "leaf-like" structures.

remember the first day of a ourse my senior year. Dr. roctor had just gotten back from trip to Yellowstone, and he told s all about it. He had received a all in mid-August from a natualist in the park. Apparently ney had found some strange nara in a couple of places in ellowstone, but when they tried identify it seemed to be a cerin species of chara not native to ne area. So they called Dr. roctor, who said there was no ay it could be that kind of nara, since it was tropical and ould only be found in Central merica. It would be absolutely MPOSSIBLE for such chara to rvive a Wyoming mountain inter.

ventually, they convinced Dr. roctor to come up to ellowstone to identity this mys-ry chara. And sure enough,

when he got there, he identified the chara as the tropical species. They postulated that the chara was a holdover from a warmer period millions of years ago, perhaps from the days of the dinosaurs, and that the chara survived only because the local hot springs kept the water warm enough for it to endure numerous ice ages and millions of mountain winters.

Dr. Proctor then used this as an object lesson and warning to all of us budding scientists about the need to keep an open mind, that science is not a closed system, and that even if you think you have a lock on how the world operates, you might need to reevaluate how you think the world is based on how the world actually is.

How much more necessary is it to keep an open mind when dealing with the creator of that world? If creation can still surprise even the experts, how much more can God surprise, mystify, delight, and astound us?

As Christians, we believe that we have received the fullest revelation of who God is in Jesus Christ. At one level, this is good and unchanging news for all the ages. As scripture says, "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today and forever (Heb 13: 8)."

And yet, as Jesus reminds us, the Holy Spirit still speaks to us in new and deeper ways: "I still have many things to say to you, but you cannot bear them now. When the Spirit of truth comes, he will guide you into all the truth... He will glorify me, because he will take what is mine and declare it to you (John 16: 12-14)."

May we claim and proclaim the good news of God in Jesus Christ. And may we be open to the fresh winds of the Holy Spirit so that we may better know the Father and the Son as they truly are, not as we assume they are.

"Heavenly Father, send your Holy Spirit into our hearts, to direct and rule us according to your will to comfort us in all our afflictions, to defend us from all error. and to lead us into all truth: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen (BCP 107)."

The Rev. James P. Haney V,
 Good Shepherd,
 Wichita, Kansas

## The Bishop and the Stew. A Fable

When Donny McDaniel was born there was some kind o trauma to his head and his brain was injured. Donny was always behind the other children, in walking and talking, in grasping things and understanding the world. In school his teachers passed him up the ladder with out notice. His classmates could not take the time to understand him and shunned him. Donny's parents gave him a good, stable home and comfort. His friends were a cookie jar and a ragamuf fin mutt named "Snickers."

When he was a senior in high school his father died and a few years later his mother became ill and had to move to a nursing home. Before she moved she took Donny to a monastery just outside of town. The brothers were known for their hospitality and faith that Christ was in every person they met. They took in Donny with their hearts.

He liked the brothers and monastery life. Donny was assigned to the kitchen to help the cook. The brothers were not of a strict order, but their meals always consisted of bread (baked)

expertly by Brother Andrew) and stew. Donny spent his working hours peeling, slicing, chopping, and washing dishes with Snickers at his side.

He attended all the prayer services and within a few weeks had memorized the prayers. Donny had a pleasant tenor voice and one of the brothers was teaching him how to chant. After lunch when the kitchen was cleaned he took a few free moments and walked through the monastery's garden. He sat on a bench and fed the birds crumbs of bread. "I like them best," he said. "They are like little pieces of heaven falling into my garden." And Donny grinned.

One day the Abbot had a crisis — the Bishop was coming for dinner that evening and the cook had called in sick. What a cross to bear; there was only Donny in the kitchen. The Abbot kept saying to himself that if it is God's will that Donny prepare the stew for the Bishop then he must follow God's will. But he wasn't reassured.

At dinner the Abbot glanced apprehensively at the Bishop as he took a spoonful of stew and quickly another. And another.

"This is delicious," he said. "Absolutely the best I've ever tasted. I must meet the cook."

The Abbot didn't have to go far for Donny. He was standing behind them, grinning.

"This stew is fit for angels," he said. "What is in the recipe, my

son?"

"I don't know," Donny answered. "I did what Cook does and added some of this and some more of that. I like that pretty, red stuff that comes in a fancy bottle. So I put in a lot."

The Bishop finished his bowl and asked for another. Donny ran to the kitchen and returned with a second helping. He stood behind the Bishop in case he wanted a third bowl. Donny stood there grinning; his chubby, rosy cheeks bouncing up and down; his baby-blue eyes wet with joy; jumping and clapping and grinning some more.

Moral: All souls are not the same. Each must be different in order to honor each of God's perfections in a particular way.

Ron Beathard,St. James',Cincinnati, Ohio

#### Too Many Books

he Stoic author Seneca (a contemporary of Saint Paul) did not approve of reading many different authors and books - or rather. the practice of not reading them, but skipping from one to another, "making flying visits to them all" but never "acquiring an intimate acquaintance with any one great writer." "Food that is vomited up as soon as it is eaten" (a deplorable habit of Roman gourmands), "is not assimilated into the body and does not do one any good; nothing hinders a cure so much as frequent changes of treatment; a wound will not heal over if it is being made the subject of experiments with different ointments; a plant which is frequently moved never grows strong. Nothing is so useful that it can be of any service in the mere passing. A multitude of books only gets in one's way." His advice: "always read welltried authors," "writers whose genius is unquestionable," "and if at any moment you find yourself wanting a change from a particular author, go back to the ones you have read before."

It is very good advice. I can't say that I live by it. I like nothing so much as acquiring more books, and find it very difficult to get rid of any. And I do skip from book to book. It is deplorable. There are exceptions to my bil lio-gourmandizing, and those at the Bible and the Prayer Book When I began to be serious about the Christian religion, it was impressed upon me very strong ly that I should take up the discipline of reading Morning and Evening Prayer every day (the daily "office" or duty of a priest and with the usual wobbles have done so ever since.

This has meant not only reading the psalms and prayers in the Prayer Book, but also reading the Bible in a systematic way over the course of each year, according to the lectionary (schedule creadings) printed in the Prayer Book. (There have been various versions of the daily office lectionary, each embodying Cranmer's principles. The current one, perhaps not the beauty of the pervision, dates from 1943.)

Like any discipline, it can be bit of a chore, and sometime leaves me bored or confused. Ye like any discipline, the fruit bears is undeniable. When I first began reading the Bible, I ofter found myself puzzled and confused. It seemed rather strang and sometimes indigestible,

kind of wilderness in which one could get lost. There are still times when I feel that way! But I have also seen this wilderness turn to paradise. For an Episcopalian, I have a fairly well stocked memory of Bible passages, which I can refer to without much trouble. More strikingly, I notice the slow growth of understanding. Passages that initially struck me as strange or opaque or puzzling now speak to me clearly and powerfully. In the filling of the memory and the illumination of the understanding, a foundation is laid for the purification of the will in prayer, which is the whole point. As Cranmer said, "In reading of God's Word, he most profiteth not always, that is most ready in turning of the book...; but he that is most turned into it, that is most inspired with the Holy Ghost, most in his heart and life altered, and transformed into that thing which he readeth."

To that end, Seneca adds this further counsel for our reading: "After running over a lot of different thoughts, pick out one to be digested thoroughly that day. This is what I do myself; out of many bits I have been reading I lay hold of one." What Seneca

describes is the process of meditation, authorized by the example of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who "kept all these sayings" concerning her Son "in her heart," "and pondered them" (Luke 2:19, 51). In selecting this "thought for the day" from the reading or hearing of the daily office, we choose the scriptural word to which we will return over the course of the day through memorization, meditation, and prayer. "Lord, what love have I unto thy law! All the day long is my study of it" (Psalm 119:97). By this process, the fruits of reading the Word of God in the daily office are multiplied, and our own souls and lives conformed more fully to it. "Blessed is the man," says the psalmist, whose "delight is in the law of the LORD; and in his law will be exercise himself [i.e. meditate] day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the waterside, that will bring forth his fruit in due season. His leaf also shall not wither; and look, whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper." "Thy word have I hid within my heart, that I should not sin against thee" (Psalm 119:11).

The Rev. Gavin G. Dunbar,St. John's, Savannah, Georgia

#### Paul: How Faith Could Turn All Our Lives Around

The Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul is an unusual feast, for it is not an anniversary of the death, or martyrdom, of a saint but a commemoration of a "turning around" of one of the great teachers and thinkers of the Christian world.

St. Luke records in the Acts of the Apostles how Saul, the strictest of Pharisees, was journeying to Damascus to persecute and put to death Christians, the followers of a new way, which he regarded as heretical. They had to be stamped out because they were leading the people of God astray. Suddenly, on the Damascus road, a blinding light from Heaven overwhelmed Saul, the blinding light that in the Jewish tradition was the shekinah, the dazzling glory of God. He falls to the ground and asks, "Who are you Lord?" To which the answer comes: "I am Jesus, whom you are persecuting." There, at the very centre of the glory of God, is the One whose followers Saul had come to Damascus to root out. Blinded

and overwhelmed by this exper ence, Saul is led stumbling int Damascus. There, a Christia disciple, Ananias, comes in obe dience to find the persecutor, an lays hands on him that Saul ma receive his sight again and b filled with the Holy Spirit.

If you go to Damascus toda you can visit the chapel on the traditional site of the house of Ananias, just off the ancier Roman main street of Damascus the street called Straight. It is place of pilgrimage marking moment that can be said to have changed the history of the world

The conversion of Saul, later t be known as Paul, meant that Christianity spread into the nor Jewish world. This was no accepted without argument an difficulty. There were Jewis Christians who understandabl argued that you had first t become a Jew before you becam a Christian, but Paul passionate ly believed that the people of God were now no longer limite by race. The church was catholic, a universal, church. N longer were the detailed require ments of the Jewish law to be th measure of acceptance with God God himself had acted in Jesu Christ to redeem the world an to offer the way of salvation t all. It was faith, trust in the God revealed in Jesus Christ, which was the way of acceptance, and that reaching out in faith was met by the free love and grace of God, His transforming and lifegiving Spirit.

Paul's mission took him from Jerusalem to Rome. It is a symbolic journey, which ends by setting at the heart of empire the faith of Jesus Christ. This is the faith that draws into its service Roman law and Greek philosophy, shaping the whole of the Europe we know today. Without Paul there would be no Europe, no Christian faith that provided the ground for science because the world is God's creation, and therefore a world that can be understood scientifically because its order witnessed to the truth of God. Likewise the sense of history, or purpose, for the whole world, is part of the Gospel preached by Paul. We are not bound by an endless cycle of reincarnation in which history ultimately has no meaning.

Paul points us to our own need for conversion, for turning around to live by faith, and for that faith to be faith in Jesus Christ, the crucified, risen and

ascended Lord, who by the grace of His Spirit turns us into His likeness from one degree of glory to another. Faith for us, as for Paul, is inescapably personal - I am the one who is called to trust in God. But for Paul, personal faith is never reduced to individualism, for we belong inescapably to the community of faith, the church of God, which is no less than the body of Christ. It is right that "we should have his wonderful conversion in remembrance." For if we do not live by that transforming faith, we shall live by some other and lesser faith, serving a God more likely than not made in our own image, rather than the Christ who is the image of the God for whose love we were made, and who transforms us by the gift of His Spirit.

 The Right Rev. Dr. Geoffrey Rowell, Bishop of Gibraltar in Europe via The Times Online, www.timesonline.co.uk

#### About the Cover

"Transfiguration of Christ" (ca. 1441), by Florentine painter and Dominican friar Fra Angelico (ca. 1400-1455), Fresco, Museo di San Marco, Florence, Italy.

#### A Prayer for these United States,

Lord God, our heavenly, Holy Father, you are the God of our fathers and mothers. We ask you to bless and keep these states in your precious love. Keep us united, in this central part of North America. May each state recognize your supreme power over all. May we, as a united country, realize the blessings which are ours through your mighty acts of creation. Thank you for allowing us to remain united, rather than divided.



Lord Jesus Christ, we are your people. We offer to you our grateful thanksgiving and humble praise that you have called us to be one country, even as we try to help other countries to remain, or to become united. By your love and compassion, Lord Jesus, you came as God in the flesh. You died for us. It was our great sin which nailed you to the cross, Lord Jesus. Please, forgive us.

Blessed Holy Spirit, we offer to you our heartfelt thanks for the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. As you fathered him and gave him birth through the Blessed Virgin Mary, you also allowed him to be the sacrifice for us — he died for our sins. May we, in these United States, offer our gratitude for the many blessings you have given to us, and continue to give. Our Lord Jesus rose again and he assures us that we too will rise and live eternally with him. We thank you once again, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, for the great riches we have gained through knowing Jesus as our dear Lord and loving Savior. Amen.

 The Rev. Keith W. Mason, Retired Rector of Saint Mark's, Leominster, Massachusetts

#### Enter the Door

In the Gospel of St. John, Jesus says, "I am the door; if anyone enters by me, he will be saved, and will go in and out and find pasture." It is a familiar passage, one that we heard in the Sunday Mass two weeks ago. Have you ever thought, as you approach the doors of the Church to participate in the worship of God that we are entering into something that our very existence depends upon? We are reminded of this when we cross the threshold and take a little water from the Holy Water Font. By making the sign of the cross on ourselves with Baptismal water we remind ourselves that we have been made "Christ's own forever." It is in the waters of Baptism that we have died to sin and live in Christ. Does this encounter with the sacred Water of Baptism come to mind or is our action habitual and at times thoughtless? When you enter the door, what are you concerned about? Is it Christ? Or is it you?

Recalling the sacred act of our baptism should move us in the direction of the Lord who sus-

tains us and the building of God's Kingdom. To do this with greater reverence, thoughtfulness and gratitude is our opportunity and challenge every time we come through the door. The rest of the building where we gather as Church is designed to put us in mind of the Presence of God. This is not to say that God is not present everywhere in creation but Catholic Christians know their deep physical and psychological need to identify places where we are called to practice with intention the Presence of God. We can allow both the design of the building and the worship to lay claim to those great resources that the Church throughout the ages has provided Her children. The most powerful experience of God's Presence of course is found in the greatest prayer any Christian can pray - the Mass.

In a real sense the Mass is our living into the sacred act of our Baptism. In the Mass we are provided with the spiritual tools to be the Body of Christ in the world. It is the place where we partake of the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Body and Blood, which is offered from his

Sacred Table in order that we might be His presence in our own time and age. It is the place where the Good News of God's saving work can be appropriated in ways that allow us to have a lively and living relationship with the Word of God, Jesus Christ. It is the place where all sorts and conditions of men, women and children are called together for no other reason than they are loved by God and that love challenges us to love not only the Church but all of God's children.

Imagery like that employed by St. John's Gospel, in reality puts us in mind that God in Jesus Christ is making God's self available to God's creation. So when we pass through the threshold of any Church building we have a chance of participating in God's saving help. A help always available but intentionally manifest in the sacred worship of the Church. To the end that we might grow in that saving help and be partners of that saving help in all of Creation.

The Very Rev. William,
 Willoughby, III, St. Paul's,
 Savannah, Georgia

#### The Cathedral Bell



The ringing of our cathedral bell before a service is a transforming, mystical moment in my life. It tells me something very special, something otherworldly is about to happen. Ours isn't a fancy bell. At the moment, we don't have a bell tower or steeple. Even so, a church bell is a church bell is a church bell. When it rings, we who are present all know what is coming next.

Ours is a Gothic style cathedral designed by the same architect who created the National Cathedral Church in Washington, D.C. Of course, our cathedral is not on such a grand scale. St. Paul's cathedral is more like a rural English cathedral. At a major feast when candles blaze and incense sends aromatic curls of smoke to God, the music from

the pipe organ, (parts of which are the oldest in the city of San Diego) fills the church as the sound of the tolling bell fades. The joyful voices of the boys or girls and adult choirs ring out as vergers, servers, canons, sub Dean, Dean, and Bishop process to the high altar. It could be anytime, anywhere as the banners go by and people still bow to the processional cross. The cathedral bell calls us to worship.

Another special time is the winter quiet of the early Sunday service where there is no music or procession. From the sacristy you hear the church bell call the worshippers and the double doors open on the north aisle. You can hear our footsteps echo on the tile floor as the servers and clergy turn left to the center aisle and up to the altar. In the silence our voices echo as the celebrant says "Blessed be God..." and one can later hear the shuffle of feet to communion. It could be anytime; anywhere as the faithful come to receive the bread and wine made holy.

My favorite time, though, is at a weekday five thirty or special six o'clock in the evening Mass in the Holy Family side chapel

toward spring when lingering sunlight still plays through the stained glass windows in the nave. There are seldom many worshippers. The sounds of footsteps really echo in the near empty church as the cathedral bell rings the last call. Standing behind the altar looking beyond the chapel, down the steps and to the end of the nave one can imagine anyone might appear. Who knows, it might even be Francis or Benedict, or Julian. In those shadows it could be anytime, anywhere and perhaps it is, as we celebrate the holy mysteries one more time.

Fr. Andrew Rank,
 St. Paul's,
 Sandy, Oregon

[The Society of St. Paul, along with THE ANGLICAN DIGEST celebrates 50 years of ministry in 2008. Congratulations and wishes for another fifty years of service. JDB†



#### When Tragedy Strikes

When tragedy strikes a person or a family — the diagnosis of fatal disease, the death of a loved one, a tragic loss, a house fire or a devastating flood where all is lost.

When tragedy strikes a person or a family often times someone will send for a priest. Usually the priest will encounter a barrage of questions of cosmic importance:

Why is God allowing this to happen? Am I being punished by God for some past sin? Could not God do something to have stopped this? A good pastor will not engage those questions. In the midst of life changing tragedy one does not get into metaphysical discussions with a person torn apart by grief. A good pastor will help the person live through the tragedy a day at a time; often with the promise that when the crisis has passed, the good pastor will take the time to answer all of those cosmic questions that are inappropriate in the midst of a tragedy. All too often that conversation never takes place. A person who has passed through the grieving process is unlikely to return to bitter memories to satisfy old curiosities. After doing the hard work of grieving, it is unlikely that a person will jump at the chance to revisit the topics of death and destruction.

To a large extent, one of the most important jobs of the clergy does not get done. A person calls a priest into their life at life's most difficult moments because they desire the priest to do what? .. to make sense of evil times. What needs to be said should not be said, cannot be heard, in the whirlwind of a crisis. What needs to be said, what needs to be heard is best done in the shelter of a loving community away from life's storms. It is best done in a place like this. It is best done at a time like now.

Can anyone doubt that today's readings did not bring us to this conversation? Can anyone doubt that these readings did not bring us to this time and place? Did not bring us to this topic? I have nothing to say to you about your pain, your suffering, your loss, your grief without reference to the God who revealed himself as willing to endure pain, suffering, loss, and grief on your behalf. When I was in college I would stay up all night and drink cheap wine discussing with my friends whether if God is all powerful he could make a stone so big he could not pick it up. I no longer go in for

speculative theology. I leave questions such as can God make 2 plus 2 equal to 5. I leave those questions to university sophomores studying entry level philosophy and drinking Ripple. I do not speculate as did Dr. Pangloss in Voltaire's Candide whether we live in the best of all possible worlds. This world is the one that we have so I do not spend time wondering why I was born to working class parents in Chicago, Illinois rather than poverty stricken slum dwellers in Calcutta, India. I do not wonder whether it is fair that I am healthy at 57 when my mother died at 34. I do not think it is time well spent wondering why one baby is born healthy while another baby has underdeveloped heart or lung or limbs. Whether we live in the best of all possible worlds is unanswerable. What we know is that this is the world that we have and the question worth pondering is where is God in all of this?

"The Lord God has given me the tongue of a teacher, that I may know how to sustain the weary with a word." The vision of the Prophet Isaiah of the suffering servant is one of the most powerful images in all of Holy Scripture. It is one of the most powerful images in all of literature. The early

Christians were quick to apply that image to Jesus Christ. They were correct in doing so. And as the apostle Paul reminds although Jesus " ... was in the form of God, he did not regard equality with God as something to be exploited, but emptied himself, taking the form of a slave, being born in human likeness." As a human being, Jesus was dependent and called upon to have faith. I have often discussed with people, people will often ask me in class or in the coffee hour, questions about the theology of the Incarnation. People want to know how someone can be both truly human and truly divine. How it is that Jesus was truly human and truly divine. Some people of faith believe that Jesus, because he was God, had supernatural knowledge even omniscience as he walked among the disciples. My problem with Jesus knowing everything as a man is that an all-knowing person does not need faith. And I cannot imagine Jesus as a man devoid of faith. It can only be faith that leads Jesus to pray three times in the Garden of Gethsemane, "My Father, if it is possible to let this cup pass from me; yet not what I want but what you want." Jesus does not have the world he wants but is willing to

face the world as it is. He does this because of his faith in God. A faith that believes that God's will for his life (God's will for your life) is better than anything that he can will for himself (anything you can will for yourself); Even - here comes the hard part, here comes the unfathomable part, here comes the part that depends on faith -even when following God's will takes you through a world of pain. The world is what the world is. God does not will pain for you but only God's will for you takes you to a place better than this world of pain.

The suffering servant is no fool. The suffering servant sees the pain that lies ahead. Only incredible faith in a God who redeems all of life leads him forward. "The Lord has opened my ear, and I was not rebellious, I did not turn backward. I gave my back to those who struck me, and my cheek to those who pulled out the beard, · I did not hide my face from insult and spitting. The Lord God helps me; therefore I have not been disgraced; therefore, I have set my face like flint and I know that I shall not be put to shame; he who vindicates me is near." I do not know your pain. I do not know your suffering. I do not know your loss. I do not know your grief. You may have pain unbearable. You may suffer abuse beyond forgiving. You may be a victim of exploitation. You may be robbed of your health and vitality. Your loss may be overwhelming. I may never understand what you have gone through. I may never understand what you are going through but with all my being I want you to believe that God knows. I want you to believe, to have faith that God has better things in store for you. I want you to look to the cross of Jesus Christ and know that Jesus never blamed his Father for what he suffered because the only hope he had in his suffering was that his Father would not let his suffering be the last word. As Jesus died he believed that his Father would not let his death be the last word. Jesus had faith to lead him through evil times.

When times of trial arise in your life, your faith will be tested. Remember what you read today, the suffering servant, the Passion of the Christ and know that God is with you in suffering and through it.

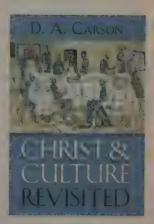
Amen.

 The Rev. Roy G. Pollina, St. Michael's, Mandeville, Louisiana

# CREAM OF THE CROP

The ANGLICAN BOOK CLUB'S Fall selection is Christ and Culture Revisited by Donald Carson. H. Richard Niebuhr's 1951 book, Christ and Culture, is one of those seminal works with which nearly every church leader is challenged to wrestle.

In Christ and Culture Revisited, Donald Carson revisits Niebuhr's book as the springboard for an exploration of the way in which Christians are called to engage for, with, and against the context in which they find themselves at the beginning of the 21st century. The author "tries to lay out a responsible biblical theology that any responsible Christian will want to acknowledge, and ... to show how these turning points in the history of redemption must shape Christian thinking about the relationships between Christ and culture."



The result is a richer sense of the tensions within Scripture, and of the immense difficulties and subtleties we must all face, as we seek to live in Christ as Lord between the already of Christ's incarnation and the not yet of his completely fulfilling his purposes in history.

- KSH+

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THE ANGLICAN BOOK CLUB's membership, figured on an annual (but not calendar year) basis, provides members with four carefully selected classic or contemporary books postpaid, for \$49 in the US, \$69 (plus GST) in Canada, and, \$89 elsewhere (in U.S. funds). Membership may be entered or renewed any time and will consist of the next four books selected. Written by articulate and informed authors, each book is fully guaranteed; any book not wanted may be returned for credit within ten days of its receipt.

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#### Habits Holy

Periodically we read about some other product marked as dangerous for human consumption because it has been proven to cause cancer in laboratory rats. Those warnings are probably good for us to heed but I often find myself wondering just how much of the product a human might have to ingest in order to become ill. The dosages that the rats receive, after all, are inordinately high. It's not like one taste or injection of the product has ruined the rat.

While there are notable excepions, most things that are harmful to us have to be ingested frequently and over a long period of time. One ibuprofen won't give you stomach problems but en a day for five years just night. Two glasses of wine each day won't hurt us but two bottles day for ten years will take its oll. Overeating one night won't ause irreparable harm but doing t every day for years will cerainly present health issues. Our podily system can correct the occasional intake of bad things out over time it wears down.

The same could be said of the nelpful things in life. Doing

something good and healthy every once in a while has some limited value but a deeper good comes from repeating those things over a long period of time. Strenuous exercise is good only if we maintain the practice over the years. Eating vegetables once in a while doesn't do much good but a healthy diet over a longer period of time makes a huge difference. Conversing with one's spouse a few times might be interesting but successful relationships result from consistent communication. Reading the bible through one time certainly won't hurt you but sitting with the scriptures on a daily basis offers so much more. Our bodily and spiritual systems are truly affected by regular habits.

During certain times of the year — at New Year's or maybe during Lent — and at certain times in life, we experiment with things we know will be good for us. How many of us have exercise equipment in some room of the house that now has laundry hanging from it? How many of us start September thinking that this is the year we'll get the whole family to Sunday School every week and then, a few weeks later, cave into pressure from the kids to just stay home?

We get excited about making improvements in our lives but we easily slide back into our old ways.

Good practices are always good. But the real goodness comes from consistency. Children need that from their parents so they'll know what is coming next. Growth and learning doesn't take place in haphazard occurrences. We learn and grow bit by bit over time. Good acts individually don't accomplish much. Good habits, however, bring big differences.

Perhaps that's the thing about God's ways that invites us so powerfully. God's ways are eternal. He acts consistently in life creating, redeeming, sustaining - and we come to count on his changelessness. It's the thing that separates God from us and that which inspires us to come to God. Eternal life is that which we yearn for, that which is offered to us. God's kingdom always has been and always will be good. We don't get there by ourselves but one way we participate is through taking on holier habits. Older churches are particularly inviting because it's apparent that many people over many years have gathered there for prayer. The marble is worn. The impressions in the kneeler cushions are visible. That's what we yearn for in our lives: consistent and regular habits of holiness.

What have you experimented with lately that God may be calling you to continue? Adopt a practice and keep going back to it. There you will meet the risen Christ in deep and powerful ways.

– The Rev. Robert C. Wisnewski, Jr., St. John's, Montgomery, Alabama

#### Say a Prayer

Little Johnny and his family were having Sunday dinner at his Grandmother's house. Everyone was seated around the table as the food was being served. When Little Johnny received his plate, he started eating right away.

'Johnny! Please wait until we say our prayer.' said his mother.

'I don't need to,' the boy replied.

'Of course, you do,' his mother insisted 'We always say a prayer before eating at our house.'

'That's at our house,' Johnny explained. 'But this is Grandma's house and she knows how to cook!'

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## West Virginia

Shine, O Lord, upon the homely mosaic of West Virginia's land: Upon her steep-hewn hills and angled draws, her maple-strewn valleys and ridges clad in mountain rhododendron.

Shine, Lord, upon her citizens, armed only with freedom, scrappers all for such measure of dignity as fearlessness and faith may win.

Shine, O God, into those deep recesses where Thou hast hidden abundant riches, that those who dig in the earth, and those who watch for their return, may know the radiance of Thy light and the safety of Thy love.

Bright be the cleansing fire of Thy truth in the hearts of the people, and in the public weal of their common life; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

-The Very Rev. Francis B. Sayre, Jr., Dean Emeritus, Washington National Cathedral.

#### Transfiguration

On Tabor there was shown a light In Jesus' holy Self. In clothes and face, in glory bright Each saw true light itself.

So Peter, James and John have told And witnessed in their word: That glory shown and Christ, like gold, Was value self-secured.

And all may see, if see they will, That glory still aglow In Jesus' face upon the hill Or where we live below.

Though risen and ascended higher, His window's still below, And Tabor is the heart afire, The eye with truth aglow.

The Rev. Nelson Koscheski,
 St. John's, Brownwood, Texas

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### Baptismal Identity Isaiah 42:1-9; Matthew 3:13-17

As I listen to the story of Jesus' own baptism, my mind wanders off to the image of baptism as we understand it today, or if we don't understand it, at least how we live out what we understand about it. In looking at the state of the church today and how it relates and mirrors today's culture, I find it helpful to address the question of whether the church is a life saving station or is more of a life saving club. Many of us have heard the story of the life saving station that at one time served its purpose well along a treacherous section of the ocean coastline, performing daring feats in order to rescue people from certain death. Its members staved focused on this vital task until it began to drift from its own moorings and lost its primary focus as it took on a more country club identity, more interested in enjoying each other's company than in saving lives. We must ask ourselves if we've somehow failed in how we prepare our people for baptism when they see it primarily as giving them access to "spiritual goods and services" rather than

commissioning them to be the salt of the earth and light of the world.

Our Old Testament reading from Isaiah, which contains the "Servant Songs," reminds us that in the Jewish tradition, being chosen by God came to be understood not so much as a privilege as a challenge to be a servant who "brings forth justice" (v. 1). Biblical scholars tell us that the servant to whom Isaiah refers was probably not an individual but the whole people of Israel. Similarly, from the beginning of Christianity, Jesus' followers recognized his call to become a people, and not just individuals, who poured out their lives in the service of others, in imitation of Jesus' own ministry. By the time the gospels were written, Christians had made a connection between Jesus' ministry and the role of the servant as described by Isaiah.

There is much evidence that during the period of persecution up to the fourth century, the church as a community gave a powerful witness to peace, jus-

tice, and love in the Roman empire. Later, when Constantine proclaimed Christianity as the state religion in the empire, these priorities were somewhat changed. It can charitably be said that the church did not always keep service or justice as the high priorities that they were in the early days. In time, the church's established place in society led to a greater concern with protecting and consolidating its status rather than responding to the spiritual needs of its members. Christian service was often relegated to the "back burner" though it was occasionally brought forward by such people as Francis of Assisi. Baptism had become a social convention for most people.

While not denying that at the bottom, baptism has to do with a grace we receive as a divine gift, the focus of today's lesson is the effect of that grace on our lives. After Jesus received John's baptism, he became a model of servanthood, giving witness in both word and deed to the love of God and neighbor. In short, baptism is supposed to initiate us into a community that is a life saving station and not just a life saving club.

Jesus' baptism, as well as being a witness to those along the Jordan River, is a witness for us today. It speaks to us in at least two different circumstances. In the first place, while Matthew depicts a dramatic picture of Jesus' baptism, it nevertheless does speak to us ordinary people. I am taken back by our Lord's insistence that he be baptized even though he doesn't seem to fit the criteria for being baptized. In the midst of life's ordinariness and a rather ordinary crowd of people, God breaks in with an opportunity for them to begin again, and Jesus is the first to model to this new beginning. In the ordinary time of our life, when we are being our ordinary selves, making our ordinary mistakes and tripping over our ordinary faults, when the extraordinary is measured not in our excellence but in our truly, breathtakingly magnificent capacities for messing up, we need our Lord before us, modeling for us the very thing we need when we can no longer trust our hearts. I believe Jesus received his baptism before such ordinary people to show that the true power and potency of Christ is found in the collective, cooperative, compassionate, and creative exercise of our assorted gifts, the constituent parts that make full the ministry Christ calls us to through baptism.

In the second place, Jesus' baptism speaks to those who still gaze at the stars - waiting for the star to provide direction. Historically speaking, when Israel came through the Red Sea under Moses' leadership they were given the law. When Jesus came up from the water of baptism he was given God's spirit, God's wind, God's breath, in a new way. For us, baptism is an ordination, the Spirit releasing our gifts in order to carry out God's plans for the kingdom of God. Unfortunately, we tend toward insecurity, toward a suspicion of our own gifts and the grace of God revealed within us. Maybe we're hung up on performance anxiety, afraid that we're not good enough, an insufficient instrument to the task. What gospel do we convey when we are hesitant and unsure about what we do? This insecurity turns our eyes and minds outward, leads us to look always beyond ourselves, never fully appreciating that what we seek may already be ours, in our possession.

We no longer need to look to the heavens for a star to guide us, for God is with us there on the banks of the Jordan. Our mission is to allow the God who longs to be revealed to the world to be revealed to that world in us, to live lives of transparency, unafraid to let God be seen in us and through us. That does not mean our lives will be perfect or good. Moses the murderer, David the philanderer who begat the love child Solomon, Paul the persecutor — the list is an endless catalog of human frailty.

The fullness of the meaning of baptism is revealed far beyond today's reading, later through the life of Jesus. Likewise, the fullness of our own baptism can only be understood as we live out its purposes within the knowledge of its challenges rather than its privileges. But for today, as we leave the banks of the Jordan, we ask ourselves the same question those early witnesses along Jordan must have asked themselves, "What must I do for the Kingdom of God?" Amen.

> The Rev. Craig M.Kallio, St. Stephen's, Oak Ridge, Tennessee

#### Family Album

Book of The Acts of the Apostles is often referred to as the Church's first history book. Written by the Evangelist Luke, it is the second volume of his writing, picking up where his Gospel account ends. Luke begins Acts with the final resurrection appearance of Jesus and his ascension into heaven following his promise of the Holy Spirit to empower the disciples as witnesses to the salvation of God. Soon thereafter, on the feast day of Pentecost — a festival offering the first fruits of the springtime harvest - as the disciples were gathered together, the Holy Spirit did indeed descend upon them. As they began proclaiming the Good News of God in Jesus Christ, the crowds assembled for the feast from a multitude of lands and languages, and all were able to understand what the disciples were saying. It is in this context that Peter takes the lead and preaches what could arguably be called the first Christian sermon. Luke doesn't report whether anyone came up to him when he had finished and said "Enjoyed your message today," but he does record that "...those who received Peter's word and were baptized that day were about three thousand souls." And thus the Church was born.

What follows is a brief but important description of the kind of life these first Christians adopted. I like to think of it as a collection of "baby pictures" of the newborn Church, a family album of sorts that should both remind us of "who we are and where we came from" and of what we are still and are always called to be.

They devoted themselves to the apostles' teaching and fellowship. In this first snapshot we see that these new Christians immediately understood that they had much to learn. They wanted to know everything about the life and teaching of Jesus. They wanted to understand how he was indeed the fulfillment of the hopes and longings, not only of the people of Israel but of all humanity. They wanted to learn about the kind of lives they were now called to live as his newest disciples. Moreover they understood that they were now part of a new community; they were joined and connected to one another in Christ; a new kind of family, and their learning and growth in their new found faith

was a corporate as well as an individual task.

They devoted themselves to the breaking of bread and to prayers. A picture of a people at worship. The newborn community understood the essential importance of gathering for worship, praying together and partaking of the Lord's Supper. While prayer certainly still had a private dimension, they understood the need to join together and collectively praise God. They could not have possibly imagined the notion of being "spiritual but not religious." Harmony with God and one another simply could not be achieved in isolation.

All who believed were together and had all things in common. A family picture revealing new depth in the community of Christ. Luke tells us that these first Christians shared everything from their joys and struggles, to their material wealth. In a manner of life that is beyond most all of us they sold their possessions and material goods and distributed the proceeds to all according to their need. This is a picture of a radical community of care, compassion, and commitment. While this model of Christian Community survives today only

in monastic religious communities, it should remind us all of the need to give generously for the needs of the community and all its members.

Luke concludes his description of this infant Christian Community by saying that in doing all these things "with glad and generous hearts" they found a kind of joy never before known, and what's more, it seemed to be contagious! People who witnessed this kind of community and this kind of lived faith were drawn to it, and the Church grew. A lot has transpired in the succeeding two thousand years. The Church has triumphed at times and she has most certainly erred. It is always easy and tempting to get consumed by the controversies of the day and to allow ourselves to be shaped more by the currents of contemporary culture than the calling of Christ. Perhaps if we devoted ourselves more to learning and growing in faith, worshiping together with regularity, and living generously and compassionately, a weary and divided world would take note and ask "how can we join you?"

The Rev. James L. Burns,
 Church of the Heavenly Rest,
 New York, New York

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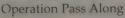


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# the anglican digest

A quarterly miscellany reflecting the words and work of the faithful throughout the Anglican Communion.

#### **HEAVEN AND HELL**

Fourth in a series of articles from early issues of TAD celebrating 50 years of ministry to the Anglican Communion

I REMEMBER a remark dropped by Austin Farrer in one of his sermons: "The breaking of the heart is the opening of Heaven." Heaven opens to a heart no longer sure of its righteousness. God's companionship and the vision of his face is vouchsafed to the soul with some true selfknowledge. Heaven is linked with the clearness of view which penitence brings. Heaven is when God has wiped away all the tears from the eyes of a sorrowful soul, sorry not for itself but because of itself, its falsities, its cheap sense of values its selfish scale of priorities, Heaven and the broken heart: "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou shalt not despise."

Hell and the blind heart. The Litany begins: "From all blindness of heart, from pride, vainglory and hypocrisy, from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness." Hell is not arrived at by mistake. The blindness is not a condition, but a blinkering, a determined narrow-

ing of view of the eyes of the soul. It is a planned journey, undeterred and undistracted by the soul preoccupied with self. It requires strength of character to achieve Hell. The soul Hell-bent is a model of single-mindedness. Its heart is blindly hostile to all matters of the spirit, which it would only determine as obstacles in its path. It rides roughshod over the tender flowers of spiritual growth which the life of somebody else may hopefully have planted in its way. It wants achievement of its aims, its ends. Its aims and its ends are itself. itself at all costs. And the costs are these: all means are employed to that one end. There is for the soul hell-bent no questioning of means. All is fair in love and war, we are told, and if you are at one and the same time so totally wrapped up in love with yourself and at war with anything outside yourself which threatens to distract you from your self-absorption, then all is fair for you to continue your quest. Offers of love go unnoticed, unrecognized, or are rejected; calls for pity go unheeded. There is no intention to commit yourself to anybody or anything outside the plan for yourself at its center.

This is hard work. Hell is hard-

er to get to than Heaven, in fact. To get to Hell needs all your resources. You can only in fact get there by your own efforts. You achieve Hell because beyond all else you want it for yourself although you insist on confusing

#### Hell is harder to get to than Heaven.

it with Heaven. When you have achieved it, when you have got yourself, what do you have? Nothing. The real thing, reality, comes from seeing and acclaiming truth for what it is in whatever way it discloses itself, and there is a deep falsity in the essence of selfishness. This illustration may shock you. It isn't meant to, and forgive it if it does. I was talking with somebody who had a passion for sleeping between wrong pairs of sheets. It was the itch, the unquenchable desire of his young life. Most of his leisure time was spent seeking it. Much of his working time was spent on planning a new affair or planning his extrication from it. He told me he knew what Hell was like: he had a taste of it. Driven to it, constantly getting exactly what he wanted more

than anything else, constantly bored with it as soon as he had got it, despair began to grow, and it all began to grow around his determination to express himself selfishly. This young man's Hell began from his egocentricity which showed itself in this way and took its grip upon his life. He thought he was loving this way of expressing himself; he realized he was bored by it, and the Hell for him was the endless process of being driven into something which had lost all sweetness for him and became instead a stinking burden of sour encounter.

Note the sense of loss he experienced. The Bible talks of Hell in terms like this. We cannot escape the confrontation of Christ's own warning of this terrifying sense of loss; having shut everything and everybody out of our lives including himself, there is a real awareness we are made to feel of being excluded. And it can come about through your own undeviating, single-minded hard work. True it is that to get to Hell you need to pit all your resources. You can only in fact get there by your own efforts: you have to use everything in your character to combat the goodness of others whose goodness because it is what it is, truth in action, impedes you. We can use a splendid expression for a soul hell-bent "You're on your own."

Which is more than can be said about getting into Heaven. To achieve Heaven requires none of your resources, for none are of any use, except a will to recognize God's love and to return it with the love of your free heart.

"Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling ..."

It is God and God alone through Christ in the Holy Spirit

# To achieve Heaven requires none of your resources.

who calls you to himself, can bring you to himself, which is what Heaven is. There is no race to Heaven in which there is a possibility that you may win or lose the leadership against your fellow contestants. There is no rivalry. Don't you remember Christ's answer to the pushy mother of



James and John who had seen Heaven in those terms? "He calls you one and calls you all To gain His everlasting hall ..."

For Heaven is all God's initiative, and a prize in the sense that there is a prize of himself for everyone who comes to him in love. He invites. He judges as he invites. His invitation is his judgment He forgives as he judges. His judgment is his forgiveness.

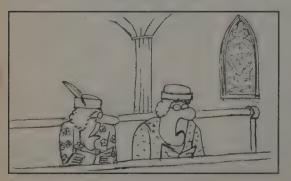
He strengthens as he forgives. His forgiveness is his strengthening. For Heaven you have to be manhandled by Christ, the heart's bone-hard pride broken and the soul reset

"The breaking of the heart is the opening of Heaven."

 Rev. John Andrew, St. Thomas', New York City, New York

## Jesus Wins

SOME STUDENTS from a theological seminary were playing basket-ball one night in the gymnasium. Late in the evening, the sexton arrived and prepared to lock up the building. While waiting for the game to conclude, he sat down and began reading his Bible. He was still at it when the game ended and the players began filing out. One theological student noticed that the sexton was reading from the Book of Revelation and asked him, quite smugly, if he understood what he was reading. "Sure do," the man replied. Somewhat taken aback by the sexton's confidence, the student, who had himself not quite mastered the prophetic system yet, asked a second question. "Oh, yeah? What does it all mean?" "Simple," replied the sexton. "Jesus wins."



Timothy P. Weber

"Just who is this Gloria Patri anyway? I'm tired of seeing her name in the bulletin every week."



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## HILLSPEAKING

PERKY! Perky? **perky**, adj. 1. Having a buoyant or self-confident air; briskly, cheerful. 2. jaunty, sprightly. — *The American Heritage Dictionary of The English Language*, fourth edition. **perky**, adj. 1. self-confident, aggressive; 2. gay or lively; saucy, jaunty. — *New World Dictionary of American English*, third college edition.

Why all this fuss about a word? Well, for one thing, perky has always been one of my favorite words, but, primarily, perky, in this case, is not just a word. Perky was a person. I never met Perky but I am sure I would have enjoyed the experience. I do not know if Perky was a man or a woman, but I suspect she was a grandmother, and a very much loved and treasured grandmother. She might well have been called Granny Perky by her grandchildren.

I picture her with white hair, she wore glasses, maybe with a bit of a stoop, but lively as all get out. I see her in a rocking chair, her favorite chair, snapping green beans for dinner or perhaps peeling and coring apples for a pie for dessert. Probably talking to one of her granddaughters about how things were when she was a little girl or perhaps helping a grandson with his homework and reminiscing about the differences in what she learned in school and what her grandchildren are now learning.

All of this is conjecture of course. My only contact with and knowledge of Perky comes from a single brick in the Hillspeak Memorial. The brick:

#### PERKY 1926-1947-2006

is the full extent of my knowledge of her, but I take it to mean that she was born in 1926, married in 1947 (after her husband-to-be came home from WWII, perhaps), and died in 2006 at the age of 80, greatly loved and mourned. We Hillspeakers have no other information about her. The application was signed "Anon Y. Mous"! The remittance was in cash. Somewhere, somebody (or somebodies) wanted to

be sure the passer-by would know that Perky lived a full life, was loved, and is remembered fondly by those who were fortunate enough to have lived with her.

Another enigmatic brick, coincidentally right beside Perky's, reads:

ANNIE MAGOO MBA - 2007

Is Annie Magoo her real name? And by whatever name, is she making good use of that MBA? I'll not conjecture on that one.

Who were the friends who

gave rise to this brick?

FOR A FRIEND FROM A FRIEND SHALOM

And who was Peg?

FOR PEG A SWEET, WONDERFUL FRIEND

And who?

FOUNDED FIRST FILIPINO ECUSA CONGREGATION IN HAWAII 1959

Most of the bricks in the memorial are straight forward in their wordings, paying tribute to those living and those departed, but some few excite our curiosity. And last, but certainly not least, Hillspeak's "official greeter" is remembered:

GODFREY DANIELS! 1996-2008

Godfrey, Hillspeak's "official greeter" for those years is no longer here to do the honors, but the red carpet still leads to the front door of the Twin Barns — and while you are here you just might walk up to the Hillspeak Memorial to say hello to Perky.

- The Trustees' Warden

## The Howard Lane Foland Library at Hillspeak

The Foland Library has over 15,000 volumes of high quality books, useful for the serious student or others seeking important works related to Christianity and the Church. While primarily designed to operate as an on-site research facility, a new lending policy makes this resource available via mail. For information, contact the Foland Library at 479-253-9701, weekdays, 8 - 4 Central time or by e-mail at anglicandigest@att.net.

# "To seek and serve the Christ in all persons..."

As a mendicant for Christian Foundation for Children and Aging, I find myself doing the Eucharist in a different church virtually every week. I enjoy this part of the job very much as I get to experience the full spectrum and beauty of the Episcopal Church. All of the varied architecture, musical expressions, and quirky traditions in each parish are a joy to behold.

What intrigues me the most, however, are those things which unite us. Our prayer book, of course is the tie that lovingly binds us together as a church. Yet, more than that, we are a people who eat together. Yes, we do pot lucks that are not to be rivaled, but I am talking, of course, about the Eucharist. There is no moment that is consistently more poignant for me as a priest as when I distribute the Body of Christ to his people.

Sometimes the bread can be mistaken for cardboard, sometimes it's so crumbly I leave a trail like Hansel and Gretel, and sometimes the bread is just right. But, always there is a moment of

connection that happens when I place the bread in someone's hand.

As so often happens when we are marinated in the faith, words from the prayer book well up inside us. As I distribute the bread, the words from the Baptismal Covenant always come to mind; "To seek and serve the Christ in all persons." What is so thrilling for me is how very different Christ's hands can look – all of them finding their way in the world, serving God as best they can, but all so very different.

Hands cupped together reaching out to receive the outward and visible sign. Wrinkled, wellmanicured, tiny and new, tan and calloused, missing a finger, shaking, fat, colored with markers from Sunday school or a stamp from the bar they were in the night before. Wedding ring, tattoos, sticky with jelly, painted fingernails, and fingernails with dirt and grease caked under them. Hands that are so new to the world they stay in a tight fist, ready to take on the world; hands steady and strong and steeped in life; and hands that are almost done in this world, thin, ghostly, fragile.

I think of the hands of people I have known who live in impoverished countries. There is more consistency there. Virtually all of them are brown and virtually all of them, including the young children, are worn with work and worry that daily living brings.

Healing, teaching, baptizing, building, feeding, fighting, harvesting, praying, tending, fishing, loving. All of these hands are doing the work of Christ.

If the eyes are the window into the soul, the hands are a picture of how that soul is living out its life here on earth. I am always grateful for the glimpse into someone's life that I get when I place the body of Christ into their hands. We are Christ's hands and feet in the world. The work of Christ is being done by hands that are varied and beautiful and powerful. For all our differences, we, as the one Body of Christ are strong and working hard to usher in the kingdom.

 The Rev. Kelly Demo, Christian Foundation for Children and Aging, Kansas City, Missouri, www.cfcausa.org

#### Humor

**Unanswered Prayer** 

The preacher's 5 year-old daughter noticed that her father always paused and bowed his head for a moment before starting his sermon. One day, she asked him why.

'Well, Honey,' he began, proud that his daughter was so obser-

vant of his messages.

'I'm asking the Lord to help me

preach a good sermon.'

'How come He doesn't answer it?' she asked.

Being Thankful

A Rabbi said to a precocious six-year-old boy, 'So your mother says your prayers for you each night? That's very commendable. What does she say?'

The little boy replied, 'Thank

God he's in bed!'

**Untimely Answered Prayer** 

During the minister's prayer one Sunday, there was a loud whistle from one of the back pews. Tommy's mother was horrified. She pinched him into silence and, after church, asked, 'Tommy, whatever made you do such a thing?'

Tommy answered, soberly, 'I asked God to teach me to whis-

tle, and He did!'

# Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise

Immortal, invisible, God only wise, in light inaccessible hid from our eyes, most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days, almighty, victorious, thy great Name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light, nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might; thy justice like mountains high soaring above thy clouds, which are fountains of goodness and love.

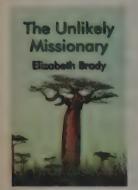
To all life thou givest, to both great and small; in all life thou livest, the true life of all; we blossom and flourish, like leaves on the tree, then wither and perish; but nought changeth thee.

Great Father of glory, pure Father of light, thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight; all laud we would render: O help us to see 'tis only the splendor of light hideth thee.

- Walter Chalmers Smith (1824-1908), The Hymnal 1982

#### WE RECOMMEND

[These items are NOT available through The Anglican Bookstore.]



The Unlikely Missionary by Elizabeth Brady.

A novel set in 1990, this is the story of Episcopalian Katherine Tierney who spends a year working in a mission outpost in Burkina Faso. The story might be predictable but Brady's descriptions of the setting, the culture, and their impact on the characters is engrossing and, for those who have similar experience in their history, evocative of fond memories. The spiritual issues with which the central character has to wrestle underscore the impact that time spent in mission can have on those who chose to invest their lives in that service. In the opinion of this editor,

Unlikely Missionary is a worthwhile read. -- JDB ISBN: 1591136989, \$15.95

#### The Gift of Years: Growing Older Gracefully by Joan Chittister.

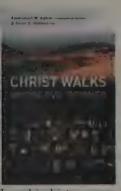
Joan Chittister is an internationally known author and lecturer, and the executive director of Benetvision: A Resource and Research Center for Contemporary Spirituality. Her books include *The Friendship of Women, In Search of Belief, In the Heart of the Temple,* and *Wisdom Distilled from the Daily.* She lives in Erie, Pennsylvania.

Not only accepting but celebrating getting old, this inspirational and illuminating work looks at the many facets of the aging process, from purposes and challenges to struggles and surprises. Central throughout is a call to cherish the blessing of aging as



a natural part of life that is active, productive, and deeply rewarding. Perhaps the most important dimension revealed lies in the awareness that there is a purpose to aging and intention built into every stage of life. Chittister reflects on many key issues, including the temptation towards isolation, the need to stay involved, the importance of health and well-being, what happens when old relationships end or shift, the fear of tomorrow, and

the mystery of forever. Readers are encouraged to surmount their fears of getting older and find beauty in aging well. ISBN: 9781933346106, \$19.95



Christ Walks Where Evil Reigned: Responding to the Rwandan Genocide by Emmanuel M. Kolini and Peter R. Holmes

Authors Emmanuel M. Kolini, the Anglican Archbishop of Rwanda, and Dr. Peter Holmes take a deeply personal look deep into the black, heartless soul of evil as they record the experiences of the most vulnerable who suffered — and continue to suffer — as a result of the killings during those dark days in 1994. In a span of one hundred days, more than one million men, women, and children were slaughtered in Rwanda. While what happened will be remem-

bered in history as one of the most horrific atrocities of our time, the apathy and disinterest of the world regarding this tragedy will take its place in the historical record as one of the blackest marks on humanity. Political and religious leaders alike, along with most of the world media, turned a blind eye to the atrocities while the tiny African nation of Rwanda was all but consumed by the power of evil.

Christ Walks Where Evil Reigned is a powerful and disturbing revelation that lays bare the tragic events of those horrible days. The authors share the haunting tale of a woman who was forced to bury her young son alive, throwing shovel after shovel of dirt over the boy as he screamed her name over and over while trying in vain to crawl out of his burial hole. They report the rape and torture of thousands of women and little girls as young as six, used as sex slaves and detail the failure of Christian leaders to intervene and respond. They also outline the tragic results this apathy has on survivors of the slaughter. Because of inaction, many of those left behind felt evil had triumphed and become more powerful than God. ISBN: 9781934068410, \$16.99



# H DEATHS

THE REV. MILLER FRANCIS ARMSTRONG III, 80, in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. He was ordained priest in 1954, and served at St. Paul's Holy Trinity in New Roads, Louisiana for 28 of those years. He also served congregations in Texas and Louisiana before coming to St. Paul's Holy Trinity. Fr. Armstrong was a dedicated leader of Cursillo and Kairos Ministries and the Episcopal ministry in Louisiana State Prison at Angola.

THE REV. WILLIAM A. BACON, 70, in Fort Collins, Colorado. A graduate of Nashotah House, he was ordained in 1962 and served parishes in Missouri until 1969. He then moved to St. Paul's, Fort Collins, and served there until retiring in 2002. A two-time deputy to General convention, he also served on the Fort Collins Police Department as chaplain and on the Standing Committee in the Diocese of Colorado.

H THE REV. HAROLD E. BARRETT, 82, in Charlottesville, Virginia. Ordained in 1952, he served parishes in South Carolina, Tennessee, and New York City until retiring in 1991. He served on the Board of Trustees of the University the South, the Episcopal Radio-TV Foundation, and the board of examining chaplains among his many activities on behalf of the church and community.

H THE REV. JAMES COREY BEAN JR., 72, in Greencastle, Indiana. He was a graduate of Seabury-Western Theological Seminary and was ordained in 1961. After serving parishes in the Diocese of Louisiana as a priest, he began a military career in the U.S. Army as a chaplain. He served the Church of St. Augustine of Canterbury in Wiesbaden, Germany from 1979 to 1990. He became vicar of St. Peter's, Pomeroy, Washington, and served until retirement in 2000. He was a priest associate at St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Greencastle and was a member of the Society of the Holy Cross.

₹ The Rev. Esther P. Brown, 82, in Hardwick, Vermont. A graduate of Duke Divinity School and the General Theological Seminary, she was ordained in 1984. She

served as rector at St. John the Baptist, Hardwick from 1984 to 1990 and as vicar at St. John's, Needles, California from 1991 until retiring in 1997.

HAINES, 73, in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Ordained deacon in 1966, a priest in 1967, and consecrated Bishop Suffragan of the Diocese of Washington in 1986, Bishop Haines was elected Diocesan Bishop of Washington in 1990. In retirement, he served parishes in Lancaster and Manheim, Pennsylvania and assisted with confirmations and ordinations in the dioceses of Central Pennsylvania and Delaware.

\*\*The Rev. Cameron Mason Hess, 74, in Cookeville, Tennessee. A graduate of the School of Theology at the University of the South at Sewanee, he was ordained in 1966, he served parishes in Florida and Virginia before coming to St. John's, Martin, Tennessee in 1972. He served as rector at St. Michael's, Cookeville from 1976 until retiring in 1997.

\* THE VERY REV. WILLIAM "BILL" CHATTIN HIBBERT, 67, in Rapid

City, South Dakota. He was a 1965 graduate of Nashotah House and served parishes in the Diocese of Northern Indiana, the Diocese of Indianapolis, and the Diocese of South Dakota, before retiring in 2002. In retirement, Fr. Bill continued to serve in the Diocese of South Dakota. For all of his adult life, he was active with the Boy Scouts of America and served as a liaison for the Episcopal Church with various youth oriented agencies.

H THE REV. R. LANSING HICKS, 86, in Hamden, Connecticut. He graduated from the School of Theology at the University of the South at Sewanee and was ordained in 1945. Dr. Hicks joined the faculty of Yale Divinity School in 1971, following their affiliation with Berkeley Divinity School. He served as professor of Old Testament and was associate dean of academic affairs. He retired in 1990. He published articles in the Anglican Theological Review, the Journal of Bible and Religion, The Oxford Annotated Bible, and The Interpreter's Dictionary of the Bible.

THE REV. JAY A. HOBBS, 62, in Dallas, Texas. Fr. Hobbs was a graduate of Virginia Theological

Seminary and was ordained in the Diocese of Washington as a deacon in 1972 and priest in 1973. He served in parishes and schools in Virginia, Maryland, Mississippi, Louisiana, and North Carolina before coming to the Church of the Good Shepherd, Dallas, as rector in 1999, a position he held until his death.

H THE REV. CHARLES O'FALLON MASTIN, 83, in Salisbury, Maryland. A graduate of Virginia Theological Seminary, he was ordained a deacon in 1961 and priest in 1962 in the Diocese of Delaware. He served parishes in Delaware, Pennsylvania, and Maryland before retiring in 1986.

THE REV. WILLIAM H. PADGETT, JR., 83, in Trumbull, Connecticut. A WWII combat pilot, career engineer, and graduate of Berkeley School of Divinity at Yale, Fr. Padgett was ordained in 1988 and served parishes in Connecticut until retiring in 2001. He was a member of the Order of St. Luke.

₩ THE REV. ISABEL POLK, 68, in Kittery, Maine. She was ordained a deacon in 2003 and served at St.

Peter's, Rockland, Maine as well as chaplain at the Penobscot Bay Medical Center and the Knox Long Term Care facility.

The Rev. Rudolph Roell, 99, in Norwood, Massachusetts. A graduate of Union Theological Seminary and the General Theological Seminary, he was ordained in 1937 and served parishes in New Jersey and New York City before becoming rector of St. Paul's, Dedham, Massachusetts in 1947. He served there until retiring in 1973.

H THE REV. JOHN AHERN SCHULTZ, 91, in Worcester, Pennsylvania. He was ordained by Bishop Manning in 1943 and served in New York, and as curate at St. Clement's, Philadelphia. In World War II, he served as a chaplain in the U.S. Army in India, Burma, and China. After the war, he was chaplain of the Valley Forge Military Academy in Wayne, and subsequently, rector of the Church of the Advent in Cape May, New Jersey, for 25 years. From 1977 until retirement in 1986, he served as a finance officer and director of management information systems at the Episcopal Church Center in New York City.

H THE REV. WILLIAM CLINTON SEITZ, JR., 88, in Clermont, Florida. A graduated of Bexley Hall Divinity School, Fr. Seitz was ordained in 1950. He served parishes in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio before becoming rector of St. Matthias', Clermont in 1968, a post he held until retirement in 1982.

THE VERY REV. HARRY BENJA-MIN SHERMAN, 77, in Merrimack, New Hampshire. Ordained in 1962, he served parishes in New York before being called to St. Luke's Cathedral, Orlando, Florida, as dean in 1981. He served there until 1992 when he became rector of St. Luke's, Granville, Ohio, a post he held until retiring in 1997.

For the Rt. Rev. Robert Rae Spears, Jr., 89, in Rochester, New York. A graduate of General Theological Seminary, he was ordained a deacon in 1943 and priest in 1944. Bishop Spears served congregations in New York and New Jersey prior to his election as Bishop Suffragan of West Missouri in 1967. He was elected Bishop of Rochester in 1970 and served there until retiring in 1984.

H THE REV. JOHN G. TWYMAN, 62, in Bedford, Texas. A graduate of the Episcopal Theological Seminary of the Southwest, Fr. Twyman was ordained a deacon in 1978 and priest in 1979. He served parishes in Dallas, Fort Worth, Gainesville, and Bedford before retiring in 2002. He was also a member of the Standing Committee and two-time deputy to General Convention.

H THE REV. EDWARD WICHER, IR., 97, in San Mateo, California. Fr. Wicher was ordained in 1940 and served as a chaplain in the Army Air Force during World War II. After the war, he served as rector of St. James, San Francisco, from 1947 to 1957; at Church of the Epiphany in San Carlos from 1957 until 1970 when he was called to serve in Los Banos; and, then at St. Dunstan's in Modesto. He retired in 1978 and returned to the Bay Area where he began almost 30 vears as Associate Priest at St. Matthew's in San Mateo.



Rest eternal, grant unto them O Lord, and let light-perpetual shine upon them.

## Pride of Life

The Yale Club in New York City must be one of many which post notices throughout their premises that cell phone usage is strictly prohibited in all of the public rooms, including the locker rooms. Employees are instructed to enforce these restrictions, something which a recent visitor never believed he would witness. He was wrong.

One morning last month in the very large main reading room where guests were either digesting the newspapers or conversing quietly in the corners, one lady got up to answer her cell phone and rather than leaving the room to take the call, she proceeded to walk throughout the room speaking loudly enough for all to hear, gesticulating, and generally making a nuisance of herself. When an employee finally arrived to inform her of the club rules, she ignored him. When he persisted, she acted as if he and the rest of those in the room were the offenders, and then walked out of the room continuing her conversation at the same decibel level as before.

The above helps one appreciate another incident referenced

in a recent book review by Christine Rosen, that in 2007 a retired police officer riding on the Long Island Rail Road, yelled at a man for talking on his cell phone and struck the hand of a woman who had offered her business card in an effort to intercede. "For his uncivil efforts to bring civility to commuter travel, the officer was arrested on misdemeanor charges of assault, harassment and disorderly conduct. Two weeks ago, a New York City judge acquitted him of all charges. When asked outside the courtroom what he regretted about his own conduct. He answered: 'Nothing.'"

As Ms. Rosen continues, "It is not hard to understand the officer's point of view even if we do not condone his actions, [because] the overheard conversation of others — especially in loud, cell phone form — is one of the ordeals of modern life."

In 2004, Ms. Rosen wrote a very fine essay for the journal *The New Atlantis* titled "Our Cell Phones, Ourselves" in which she addressed the question: "... Has the wireless telephone encouraged us to connect individually but disconnect socially, ceding,

n the process, much that was civil and civilized about the use of public space ... eroding the spontaneous encounters and everyday decencies that make society both civilized and tolerable?" Regarding ones experience at the Yale Club, the answer would seem to be a resounding "ves." At the core of her essay, Ms. Rosen suspects that "... cell phone users harbor illusions about being alone or assume a degree of privacy that the circumstances don't actually allow. Because cell phone talkers are not interacting with the world around them, they come to believe that the world around them isn't really there and surely shouldn't intrude. And when the cell phone user commandeers the space by talking, he or she sends a very dear message to others that they are powerless to insist on their own use of the space. It is a passive-aggressive but extremely effective tactic."

Despite the very positive roles they play in terms of convenience and security, etc., this author reminds us that there really is a moral dimension to our use — or overuse — of these devices. Most of us have no trouble making a distinction between

noise and music, and we can see the analogy with talk and conversation, and that increasingly we find ourselves subjected to behavior that doctors used to witness "only among the denizens of the asylum: the disembodied talk that renders all of us unwilling listeners."

When St. John in his first epistle decries the sin which he calls the "Pride of Life", he means in part our excessive yearning for information solely for the sake of information. A recent episode on South Park poked more than just fun at such quests, and our conniptions and convulsions when we can't "get online" right when we want. I'm as guilty as anyone, spending most of my time on the WWW not in search of potentially useful knowledge, but attempting to find another turntable or preamplifier which I don't need

#### THE ORDER OF ST. ANDREW

A Religious Order of men and women, both married and single, not living in community. For information contact: The Father or Mother General The Order of Saint Andrew 2 Creighton Lane Scarborough, NY 10510 (914) 941-1265; 762-0398 http://www.osa-anglican.org

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at a bargain price I don't need to pay. How much of our *information* gleaned from the web or elsewhere do we convert to *knowledge* which might be used to further the Kingdom of Heaven? We become guilty of the Pride of Life when we stockpile information, failing to use it to the enrichment of society.

Likewise, Ms. Rosen argues that too much cell phone chatter is in effect not conversation, but talk if not noise, and that we possess the gift of speech not primarily to talk, but to converse — to bring society closer together. While cell phone time might help strengthen our bonds with the people we know, many of those "conversations" are simply talk, and take place at the expense of those we don't know.

Who among us has not attempted to read a book while sitting at the gate waiting for one's flight to be called, and not been subjected to someone talking away loud enough for the entire concourse to hear: talking solely for the sake of hearing one talk, without a clue that he or she is not only disturbing others, but doesn't give a hoot or have a clue that there might even be others

present. It's too bad that airport personnel cannot banish these persons to the designated smoking area.

What Ms. Rosen's essay helps us appreciate then is the very powerful analogy between talk and conversation, and information and knowledge. Just as there is a moral dimension to our use of information, there is and remains a moral dimension to our use of words. To be guilty of the "Pride of Life" means to court and amass information solely for the sake of hoarding information, failing to convert it to useable knowledge in order to further the Kingdom of Heaven. Likewise when we use our cell phone only to talk to the point that we would ignore those around us - with whom we might possibly discover we could have an enlightening conversation (for instance the stranger we're sandwiched next to on an airplane), we also become guilty not only of the sin of the Pride of Life, but of elementary manners and basic civility as well.

The Rev. Frederick Buechner,
 All Saints',
 Thomasville, Georgia

### Give and Live

Christian stewardship is different from raising money for charity. The goal of secular fund-raising is dollars for a worthy cause. The goal of Christian stewardship is the faithful management of all that God gives so that God can use our gifts to transform us spiritually and to extend Christ's transforming love to others.

St. Paul spelled out these two goals in his lengthy definition of stewardship in 2 Corinthians

9:11-13.

"You will be made rich in every way so that you can be generous on every occasion, and through us your generosity will result in thanksgiving to God. This service that you perform is not only supplying the needs of the Lord's people but is also overflowing in many expressions of thanks to God. Because of the service by which you have proved vourselves, people will praise God for the obedience that accompanies your confession of the Gospel of Christ, and for your generosity in sharing with them, and with everyone else."

Jesus summed up the spiritual connection between money and God this way: "Where your treasure is, there your heart will be also." (Luke 12:34). Financial stewardship is treasure management that helps us escape the trap of selfishness by keeping ourselves spiritually focused on God.

Each of us makes one of two choices in life. We either become emotionally attached to our money, or we become emotionally attached to the God who gives us our money. Although we often hope to do both, in our hearts we know that cannot happen. Financial stewardship helps us to overcome the temptation to break the First Commandment and put the false idol of money first, ahead of the God who revealed his love for us in Jesus Christ.

In the parish in which I serve our focus is on the question, "What is God calling me to do?" rather than on the question, "What does the parish need in order to pay its bills?" Thus our emphasis becomes a spiritual growth experience, not a fundraising effort. We want our giving to be a way to help us to grow spiritually in our relationship with God by supporting our mission and ministry with a percentage of our income.

This is based on the biblical philosophy of the need of the

giver to give for his or her own spiritual development, rather than on the need of the Chapel to receive. Instead of treating people like members of a social club who should pay dues, we treat people like followers of Jesus Christ who want to give unselfishly as an act of discipleship. Now when we have our Consecration Sunday it encourages us toward proportionate and systematic giving in response to the question, "What percentage of my income is God calling me to give?"

The popular novelist, John Grisham was quoted in *USA Today* as saying, "My wife and I measure the success of the year on how much we give away. The bulk of it goes to church and related activities."

Alan Redpath tells the story of the two seas in the Holy Land. Both are fed by the same river, the river Jordan. If you went alongside the Sea of Galilee, you would find children playing by the banks, trees growing alongside, and life apparent everywhere. But you would find no sign of life or vegetation around the other sea. There is nothing at all but barrenness.

What is the difference between the two? There is no difference in

the source of supply, for the same river supplies both. But the difference is this: that for every drop of water that goes into Galilee, another drop goes out. What it receives, it gives. It takes in, it gives out. And all around it is life, blossoming fruit, abundance. But the other sea jealously hoards its resources and refuses to let out a single drop. It keeps everything it takes in. And its name is Dead.

To give is to live. To restrain, to hold, to guard, to hoard, is to die. The same river of life in the power of the Spirit of God comes into your heart and into mine. Freely we have received; the Lord help us to freely give.

 The Rev. Ted Schroeder, Amelia Chapel, Georgia

#### Good Samaritan

A Sunday school teacher was telling her class the story of the Good Samaritan. She asked the class, 'If you saw a person lying on the roadside, all wounded and bleeding, what would you do?'

A thoughtful little girl broke the hushed silence, 'I think I'd throw up.'

## From Easter to Pentecost

We need to remind ourselves that the Bible we are reading is an interpretation. Whether we are reading it in English or Sesotho or any other language, we are reading a translation of Hebrew in the Old Testament and Greek in the New Testament.

The work of Biblical scholars will never be complete, because the quest to discover the exact meaning intended by the original authors of the various books is an endless one. For instance, in the New International Version, the words of John 19:30, are translated "It is finished. With that he bowed his head and gave up his spirit." In the Jerusalem Bible the words are "It is accomplished and bowing his head he gave up his spirit."

Well, which one is correct? It is

finished? or accomplished?

The original Greek word would be better translated as achieved, conjuring up the picture of an athlete victoriously breaking the tape at the finishing line. It is a cry of victory. The words finished and accomplished don't quite capture the energy and vitality of the Greek. And to complicate matters still further, the Greek is a translation

of the Aramaic which Jesus presumably spoke.

And so we come to the second

part of John 19:30.

Both the NIV and the Jerusalem Bible render it rather tamely as he bowed his head and

"gave up his spirit."

Again, this would be more accurately translated as he "handed over the Spirit" into the Father's safekeeping, until it was handed over to the Disciples. The life of Christ is now carried on in those who have put their faith in him. Yes, the Holy Spirit makes the life and the love and the power which animated Jesus available to us. During the 40 days between his Resurrection and Ascension, Jesus gave his friends their final training and briefing before empowering them for ministry and mission in the world.

Your job and mine is to carry on the incarnation and ministry of Jesus in this world, in the power of the Holy Spirit of God. We are empowered to do this victoriously.

Let me recommend a simple way on how to do this.

In Creative Love in Tough Times, Canon Andrew Clitheroe makes mention of something which I had noticed him doing. He writes, "I have now taken to bowing to everyone with whom I shake hands. I do this to acknowledge the God I see in them."

This beautiful custom is something I made mention of and commended in my Sermon in the Cathedral on Easter Day. Wouldn't it be wonderful if every Anglican were to emulate Fr. Clitheroe and acknowledge the Jesus in every person they meet during the course of their everyday lives, by bowing to them?

This I believe, would be a graphic and powerful symbol of not only recognizing, but also conveying the Spirit of the Risen Christ to other people as well. This would indeed be imitating the Lord and "handing over the Spirit."

And so, if you should see me bowing to others, I am emulating the example of Fr. Clitheroe and hoping that you will also make it a part of your witness to the presence of the Holy Spirit in others.

Your 'bowing' Servant Leader

 Bishop Patrick Glover, via The Link, Anglican Diocese of the Free State

## **Book of Services**

The Book of Occasional Services is one of the least well-known liturgical supplements. The name says it all about the frequency of its use, especially in comparison to the book we use on a daily basis, The Book of Common Prayer. All the same The Book of Occasional Services is a treasure trove of material that would be appreciated by any true church junkie. For everyone else the book may provide a means of expressing our deepest hopes and fears at particular points in life.

The book is divided into three parts:

- The Church Year, including services for Advent Lessons and Carols and other lesser known services such as Tenebrae (a Holy Week service that uses light to poetically model the journey of Jesus' Passion).
- Pastoral Services, including Welcoming New People to a Congregation, Preparation for Baptism, and the Blessing of a Pregnant Woman.
- Episcopal Services, including those services that only a bishop

s authorized to lead, such as Reaffirmation of Ordination Yows and the Beginning and Ending of a Pastoral Relationhip.

 $M_{
m y}$  particular favorite of this book is the "Celebration (or Blessing) of a Home." Typically his service is used when a new nouse is built or when a family nas moved into a home new to hem. This liturgy marks the ransition from buying a house o making it a home and is esperially enjoyable when there are hildren in the home. It signifies, n a tangible way, that God is a present reality. The celebrant noves from room to room with amily and guests, saying orayers and possibly sprinkling noly water along the way. Frequently, Holy Eucharist is part of the celebration. People often hold a party at the conclusion.

House blessings are not exclusive to "new" homes. Maybe you've reoccupied your home after restoration and something 'doesn't feel quite right." It's possible the renovation taxed your marriage in a way that you

didn't expect. Perhaps there was a traumatic event in the home and you don't want to sell the house but you feel the need to make a clean start. These are legitimate feelings and longings to which the prayers of a House Blessing might speak.

Call your parish priest to arrange a Blessing of a Home. This ministry is part and parcel of who we are as a Church. It is another way for us to proclaim by word and deed him whom we follow, Jesus Christ.

 The Rev. Frederick Devall, St. Martin's, Metairie, Louisiana

As the hand is made for holding and the eye for seeing, Thou has fashioned me for joy.

Share with me the vision that shall find it everywhere.

- Gaelic Prayer

From the Editor ...

## Can We Not Give One Hour to Adult Education?

How can the Episcopal Church claim to be the thinking people's church when so few parishes devote sufficient time to adult education on Sunday mornings?

It is a question worthy of much pondering. I think we should where at all possible give one hour to adult spiritual formation on the Lord's day — but if you study how parishes actually function, the number who use this standard is precious few.

In some parishes there is little or no adult education to speak of on Sunday mornings, whereas there are such offerings for children. But following Christ is a life long call, and this approach won't do.

Thankfully in the last two to three decades more and more parishes are offering adult education on the Sabbath day. But how much time do they give them?

I have here a parish newsletter from one of the largest parishes in the country, and on their Sunday morning schedule they offer several classes for 35 min utes.

You know how this works in practice. People come out of worship, people have struggled finding a parking spot, people need to use the rest room, and before you know it, 35 minutes becomes 25 or less in practice. But this is much less time than a typical college class, or an average session in a business seminar. Does this communicate a priority on adult education?

Other parishes do better and actually give 45 minutes. Bu again, one has to go beneath the surface in the parish to see how this actually functions in a number of instances. One quite vibrant parish comes to minot that has 45 minute classes, but in this parish the choir members leave after 30 minutes for Sunday morning choir practice. What does this communicate about priorities, never mind the distraction to other class members?

I believe one hour needs to be devoted to adult education, because even then with all the distractions on most Sunday mornings the time actually spent on the material is less, but it at least allows substantive engagement. Yes, parishes should use very considerable resource. By II means we should use different ormats that take into account the act that adults learn in different ways than children do.

I realize, too, that some parishs have physical space contraints that make this amount of ime impossible without unduly lamaging the chance to worship.

But if we do not give it suffiient time, we communicate in our actions that it really isn't a

priority.

It is time for the church that claims to be the thinking percon's church to live into its own claims and devote a whole hour on the Sunday morning schedule to adult education of real quality and variety.

Imagine that—a church that laims to be for thinking people giving people real time to think

on Sunday morning about what it means to love God with all our heart, soul, mind and strength. If it is really important to us can we do any less?

-KSH+

## A New E-Mail Address...

THE ANGLICAN DIGEST has a new e-mail address:

### anglicandigest@att.net

High-speed Internet service finally reached Grindstone Mountain but we had to change providers — and our e-mail address. We have been changing the links on all our web pages found on the World Wide Web at anglicandigest.org and will shortly relinquish the old e-mail address.

## A Reader Writes...

A note to tell you how much my husband and I appreciate TAD. I can nardly wait to fix a cup of tea and sit and read TAD when it arrives. My husband gets its next! My husband and I were married June 20, 1958, so we celebrate that important milestone this year along with

TAD. We thank God regularly for each year.

I always serve deviled eggs at our Easter dinner. I serve them in an appropriate dish my mother gave me many years ago. This Easter, our six-year-old granddaughter decided to try one of the deviled eggs. After tasting it, she said, "I think I would like them if you took the 'devil' out of them." It caught us all by surprise! Out of the mouths of babes...

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